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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 642 | SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1918. | TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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This great Chef doesn't mind war flour or dear eggs— He uses Goodall's Egg :: :: Powder.

M. ANDRE PEYTHIEU.
Chef de Cûisine,
Trocadero Restaurant.

PROBABLY no man in the country knows better how to make the utmost of war-time resources than M. Andre Peythieu, the gifted Chef of the world-famous Trocadero Restaurant, and therefore especial interest attaches to his opinion which we print below.

Following on equally emphatic letters from M. Stempfer, Chef to H.M. Queen Alexandra; M. Lataste, Chef to Lord Weardale; M. Fourie of Gatti's, and half a score of others equally famous, M. Peythieu's commendation of GOODALL'S Egg Powder as "the best at the public service," will fix it definitely in the minds of thinking women as the brand they simply *must* have in order to get the best results. Here is M. Peythieu's letter:

TROCADERO RESTAURANT,
PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

The fact that there is the greatest need of a most effectual substitute for eggs for cooking and baking purposes, and that I consider Goodall's Egg Powder quite the best at the public service, prompts me to acquaint you with my opinion.
For all kinds of pastry, puddings and cakes, it answers the purpose of eggs in an admirable manner, and no one can tell the difference, whilst the saving in cost permits anyone to practice the economy so desired now-a-days.
Goodall's Egg Powder is prepared with great skill, and reflects the utmost credit to its makers, who for so long have been associated with the manufacture of the highest-class British household and cooking articles.

Yours truly,
(*Signed*), ANDRE PEYTHIEU.

CONSIDERING that Goodall's Egg Powder has now the enthusiastic backing *of all* the biggest Chefs in the profession, considering that it has been proved by independent analysis to contain valuable albumens and phosphates and to have the strongest effect in counteracting the dryness of the present flour, don't you think it would be as well in future to insist on GOODALL'S Egg Powder.

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Large 1½d. packets; 8d. and 1/4 tins.

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 642. **Week ending Saturday, September 21st, 1918.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The German Navy.

Keep your eye on Heligoland and the Kiel Canal. There is much activity there just now.

Why Not?

Meanwhile we are inundated with inquiries as to why we don't send a squadron of aeroplanes over the Kiel Canal, where the Kaiser's fleet is lying at our mercy. There would be no difficulty in getting volunteers for the job.

Over-Staffing.

Is it a fact that there are more than three times as many officers on the Staff of each British Division on the Western Front as in the corresponding French units?

Hun Prisoners—

We are pursuing our investigations into the scandal of our Hun prisoners at large; and next week we shall make further remarkable disclosures.

—and Wounded.

And what about the affair at Netley Hospital, where a number of cot cases were turned out late at night to make room for wounded German officers? All honour to those Thornycroft employees for marching *en bloc*—4,000 strong—to the Hospital in protest.

New Film Wanted.

Why not one showing, on the one hand, the lusty German prisoners whom we recently repatriated, and, on the other, the physical wrecks we have received in exchange?

Those Enemy Princes.

Heard anything more about putting that Act into operation? But we forget—it is Vacation Time!

Sir Sam!

So Sir Sam Evans has gone. For a long time we sat next to him in the Commons, and we once had a warm passage at arms with him over the Licensing Bill. "I make the Party opposite," he said, "a present of the support of the hon. member for South Hackney"—to which we retorted that "despite this fine illustration of Welsh generosity, our support could be neither given away nor sold." Sir Sam had just become Solicitor-General!

Coincidence.

By the way, it was Sir Sam who, at a later date, as Solicitor-General, with Lord Robson, then Attorney-General—they have died within twenty-four hours of each other—who, so to speak, issued the fiat for that abortive Guildhall prosecution. But we were all three the best of friends to the end

The King's Fund.

Wouldn't it be rather nice if the Prince of Wales' Fund were to send a subscription? After all, the money *must* be used!

Begins at Home.

By the way, it was a "noble gift," as described in the papers, of Sir John Ellerman—that £20,000 to this Fund; but it would have been even nobler if he had devoted the money to the widows and orphans of the sailors of his own fleet, and to those disabled in its service.

Newhaven Lights.

"Why is it," asks a Sussex reader, "that at night Newhaven is a blaze of light, whilst Brighton is in utter darkness?" We must have notice of that question.

Bunkered!

Following the example of the New University Club, the Sunningdale Golf Club, despite the protest of members, resolutely declines to remove Germans. Well, we're bunkered!

Labour Companies.

We wonder whether the Secretary for War would like to see some of the messages stuck up in "returned empties" which have recently carried certain men from Aldershot for Labour work in France?

Huns and the Harvest.

The other day we saw a body of German prisoners, who had been working in the immediate vicinity of several large hayricks, returning to camp—every one smoking either a pipe or cigarette. So they must have had matches!

Foreign Trade—

We are asked to explain the exact position in the Foreign Trade Department of Mr. E. G. Markbreiter. Well, you see, the Department is concerned with foreign trade.

—and Munitions.

In the same way, our attention is called to certain officials at the Ministry of Munitions bearing distinctly Teutonic patronymics. But we feel that we can trust Winston.

A Journalistic Juggler.

Evidently that is the opinion of the *Daily News* concerning us. Referring to our recent protest against the practical deportation of British-born wives of Germans, it says that nothing more remarkable has been discovered in the war "than a journalist who can play the incendiary with his right hand and the fire brigade with his left." Our brother is wrong. Let him refer to his own leading article the day before war was declared.

Soldier Apprentices.

We are often asked what will be the position of those apprentices whose articles have been interrupted by military service? Perhaps our right hon. and learned friend "F. E." will consider the point.

The Bishop's Tour.

So the good Bishop of Birmingham is off on a tour through the States and Canada. A perfect French scholar, and most genial of men, he should do some fine work—especially in Quebec. *Bon voyage!*

At "Merry Margate."

What punishment has been meted out to the German prisoners at Margate who have wasted large quantities of gas by heating food at all times of the day and night—the consumption per head being about three times that permitted to the British citizen?

The Higher Court of Appeal.

"When I became Pensions Minister the complaints were 1,000 a week. Now they do not number 100 a week," said Mr. John Hodge the other day. Just so—the poor fellows have transferred their custom to our shop—knowing they will be served quicker.

Those German Cranes.

A reader has sent us a copy of *Punch* of April 20th, 1910, containing a cartoon ridiculing our warning, in the House of Commons, against the employment of German labour in the erection of the giant cranes used in connection with the building of new Dreadnoughts. Look funny now!

Louie Likes Us.

You all remember clever little Louie Frecar—the female Little Tich. Well, here is what she writes us: "God bless you for speaking out straight, like a real strong man. I read your paper weekly, and then jump for joy to think that we have one man who knows when and how to strike, and hits the right nail on the head every time." Our love to Louie.

Garvinism *in Excelsis.*

What our weekly article in the *Sunday Pictorial* is to the family at home, Mr. J. L. Garvin's ponderous paragraphs are to the old fogies in the clubs. Here is a specimen: "Though the sombreness of the aggregate is lightened by the diminishing ratio of accretion, one of the immortal contributions of the dauntless British Navy to a profoundly grateful country, there are two sinister concomitant figures which, alas! it is not within the Navy's power to remedy." Alas, alas!

The Value of Education.

Two advertisements are here taken from the same issue of a newspaper:—

"Clerk (male), previous experience; Salary up to £2."—*Daily Chronicle, Sept. 3rd.*

"Rag Sorters, men, wages £4, perm., easy hours; at once."—*Daily Chronicle, Sept. 3rd.*

"What shall we do with our boys?" Make them rag-sorters, and live happily ever after.

Yoked to Hell.

Here is a case of how a British woman is treated by her husband: He says she called him "a dirty Hun" and "a dirty German hound." Small wonder if she did. What *he* did was to beat her black and blue, so that her head was bruised, her left eye was blackened, and her left arm and shoulder looked as if it had been painted black. The doctor said the woman seemed frightened out of her life. The brute of a Hun got three months, but the poor woman is still married to him.

Union is—Starvation.

When a ratepayer, aged and infirm, comes "on the rates," he or she does not contemplate luxury, but does expect the necessaries vital to existence. Many reports from various districts suggest that the poor old folk are being slowly starved. At Croydon Union the inmates' last meal is half-a-slice of bread and margarine at five p.m., and nothing more whatever until seven next morning. Other meals are proportionately scanty, miserably inadequate for old people who deserve better of their parish. The rates are high enough to provide other than starvation diet.

Our Wonderful Diplomacy.

Very graceful, no doubt, of the British Government to present the Republic of Chili with fifty aeroplanes in place of the two Dreadnoughts ordered by the Republic before the war, but the arrangement has excited a good deal of dissatisfaction in other South American States—notably in Peru, where the policy of the Chilian Government, largely subservient to German interests, is viewed with some mistrust. And are we so well stocked with air machines that we can afford to make presents of them to a Government whose policy it is at all costs to keep out of the war?

A Poor Lord.

Lord Phillimore is a London landowner; he owns a slice of Kensington. On the Bench, his pretty, precise style earned him the nickname of "Lady Phillimore." He has not changed. He wrote to an ex-soldier of twelve years' service, offering a situation as groom-gardener at 28s. weekly. It would not provide nourishment and medicine, so the man asked £2. His lordship wrote on a postcard that he "could not give more than he stated." It was a halfpenny card, insufficiently stamped, so it cost the soldier a penny. Lords who are also landowners must be very poor nowadays!

Germhun Prisoners at Hatfield.

Would you believe it? A sergeant recently arrived from the Front on a visit to Hatfield, is astonished to find there Hun prisoners "going about without escort,"; also to hear that they "are always after young girls;" likewise to learn, in talking to a friend of his on the subject, that "she has seen a prisoner with a girl in a ditch." All this is, of course, quite in accord with recent revelations on which we have commented. These Huns are brutes. Feeding them on the fatness of the land, we still allow them liberty to defile our womankind. It is scandalous.

Over the Coals.

About half the population wants us to call Sir Guy Calthrop, the Coal Controller, over the coals, because, under the new rations, two people (say) living in a twenty-roomed house will get more coal than a dozen unfortunate dwellers living in mansions in the skies or dug-outs in the deeps. There will be thousands of people who won't get enough coal ration this winter to warm the kitchen cockroach.

Hard Lines.

A British woman, applying for employment in Government offices has been refused, on the ground that her husband is a Russian. Now, that husband has been naturalised here, is a non-commissioned officer in the British army and serving in the trenches, has been mentioned in despatches, and has won the D.C.M. It is a good rule that bars foreign women from Government offices, but does it—or should it—apply in such a case as this?

Cautionary.

Not everybody who makes use of the Salvation Army hostel in Middlesex Street is a sinner saved. Many, to judge by the notice above the pay office, have need to be born again. "When you take off your boots," it says, "lift the head of your bedstead, place the iron feet of your bedstead legs in the boots, and thus prevent them from being stolen." The Salvation Army officer who drafted that wise warning hasn't lived in a wicked world for nothing. At some time or other he also must have fallen among thieves.

Tank Tactics.

A North Wiltshire farmer, having sold his standing timber to the Government, did not bargain for the incidental damage. "In carrying out the agreement," he complains, "the men have acted with great carelessness, breaking down wire fences, trampling down the crops, driving carts across fields of corn, and putting their horses to graze on land quite apart from the agreement." The farmer estimates the damage at £200, but it is doubtful if he will ever receive adequate compensation. Such scandals should be prevented.

Hunholey.

Back the Hun for petty spite. Having tried to bomb us out of our offices and our home and failed, he has started to pop shrapnel holes into our speeches. A York reader sent to an officer friend at the Front a copy of our Albert Hall speech of 27th April last. "He now informs me," our friend informs us, "that on taking over the line, a shell came and blew to pieces his correspondence, which he had put down when inspecting his dug-out. You will see your valued speech has had a rough time too." That is so. The spiteful Hun has blown a hole through the middle of it.

Ripon Reserve Centre.

"No. 21 (a) The public right of way passing close to the Palace of the Bishop of Ripon is out of bounds to troops." Another outrageous insult to our fighting men. Why should a public right of way be closed against the defenders of public liberties? It cannot be the civilians of Ripon who are afraid of social contamination by walking along the same thoroughfare as men in khaki. If it is the Right Rev. Father in God, Thomas Worthey Drury, D.D., whose complaint has originated this military order, what is the complaint? Let his lordship make it *in propria persona*.

A Word with the I.T.C.

Last year the Imperial Tobacco Company made profits amounting to £4,000,000, but such gilded affluence does not necessarily mean generosity in the treatment of discharged men. Indeed, some of the information which reaches us tells quite in the opposite direction, and unless one or two of these cases are soon explained we shall be compelled to draw inferences of a most unpleasant kind.

Hanky Panky.

The Australian Government's selection of twelve newspaper editors to visit this country as the guests of Lord Beaverbrook has aroused a terrible hullabaloo on "the other side." The trouble is apparently that "Labour" was left out in the cold, not a single Press representative of this widely-held section of Australian opinion having been included in the delegation. If this was an oversight it was a bad blunder, while if it was not an oversight it was a worse blunder still.

Eight for Three.

Mrs. T. N. C. Nevill, of Bramall Hall, Stockport, with "three in family," has already eight servants and is in search of another. As evidence of patriotic war-time economy this is not impressive. On the contrary, it is another of those domestic exhibitions of extravagance among women so frequently seen in the "want" columns of the newspapers. Women who wish to fill their houses with servants might at least have the decency not to flaunt their yearnings in the public eye.

Seven Days for Six.

They not only don't rest on the seventh day at some of the picture palaces, but they don't rest one day in seven. A woman cleaner, writing from West Kilburn and therefore apparently working at a local show, says that although she signed a paper to work on six days a week she has to work on seven days. The one day off in seven is disallowed, though the six-day wage-sheet is always producible should anybody from the L.C.C. call in to see how things are. We have reason to believe a lot of this sort of deception is going on.

The Merry-Go-Round.

Before us lies the wrapper of a weekly journal—not our own—addressed to a well-known baronet at "Norwich," instead of Norwood, but having added the initials, "S.E." Instead of looking at any of the well-known reference books, the Post Office authorities have apparently bandied the paper about all over the country, as on the wrapper appear the initials of no fewer than 38 of their employees. In the end, the packet was returned to the office of the journal in question, undelivered. The time wasted must have been well worth the extra halfpenny surcharged.

Hot.

So many piratical profiteers are about in this infernal war that it is impossible to escape them. Here is another instance of the hot-water stunt. A few days ago a party of wounded Tommies left a Liverpool military hospital for a "picnic" in Sefton Park, the outing being arranged by two of the hospital Sisters. The party took with them "everything necessary," except hot water. The refreshment bar being the only convenient place in the park, they applied for and obtained two jugs of boiling water, and were "charged the damnable price of 4s." It is daylight robbery, unconscionable and unashamed.

German-born Bankers.

Couldn't Mr. Frank Cecil Tiarks—Baron Bruno von Schroeder's partner—be induced to resign his directorship of the Bank of England? Such a position must at times be very embarrassing to him.

London and Heidelberg.

Distant as the poles, one would think, these days. Yet in the year of our Lord 1918, and incidentally the fifth year of the Devil, the London County Council sees fit to present its deserving scholars with a "Reward Card" showing a view of Heidelberg, taken from the Philosophenweg, together with a lengthy description of the town "with which few can vie." It strikes us somehow that a portrait of Hindenburg, taken from the rear, would be more appropriate—and much more topical.

A Family Affair.

The Bellingham Council, requiring a Fuel Overseer, to look after the coal rationing of the district, was unable to make use of the services of a young man returned from France minus a leg, but gave the post to the Workhouse Master. We are informed that the Workhouse Master's father-in-law is a member of the Council. Also that the Vice-Chairman is a cousin of the Clerk of the Council; the son of the Clerk is the Surveyor, Sanitary Engineer, Local Food Controller and Water Engineer. The Registrar of Marriages is brother of the Clerk. The Clerk's nephew is Inland Revenue Tax Collector, and the Clerk has four cousins members of the Council. Where's grandma—and Aunt Jane?

The Ways of Commerce.

Why doesn't the British Chamber of Commerce for Italy pay its Secretary decent wages? It is a prosperous organization, and £1 3s. 6d. a week is dog's pay. If they don't expect a man's whole time, why do they take it? And what hard luck for Italy!

A Gunner's Grouse.

Lovers of old comedy will remember the story—which was never told—of "The Grouse in the Gunroom." The modern version relates to the sum of £2,000 paid for each U-boat sunk, and the gunner wants to know who gets the money and why he gets none. He may get the D.S.M., but no cash. Relatives of merchant seamen receive £300 in case of death, while a man gets £5 for loss of clothes. Again the gunner gets nothing, barring a uniform. But he sticks to his gun.

A Harsh Refusal.

A discharged soldier, seeking re-admission to the Ancient Order of Foresters, received the following reply from the Norwich Secretary of that Society: "Replying to your application for admission to our Society, I have to inform you that the Court have decided not to admit further applicants either rejected or discharged from active service." Yet the applicant would probably have emerged successfully from any reasonable medical examination, to say nothing of his previous twelve years' membership and contribution to the funds. If this rule is to be of general application, it will cause widespread hardship.

H.M.S. "Crystal Palace."

A munitioneer, travelling between the Crystal Palace and London Bridge, may do so for fourpence return. We do not begrudge him the privilege, but we find it anomalous that a sailor in training at the Palace, who draws only 2s. a week after making an allotment, is made to pay 1s. 3d. for the same journeys.

A Sign of the Times.

In a case at the Guildhall, a jobbing gardener said he had come up to London from Rayleigh, in Essex, to look for work. The Alderman thought there should be plenty of work for gardeners around Rayleigh. We should have thought the same, but the defendant explained that it is not so, because "they are employing German prisoners now." Things have come to a pretty pass when our own folk are driven from home that Huns may be fed, clothed, housed, and paid.

Monumental Waste.

We look to the Cheshire War Agricultural Committee to deal faithfully with the Manchester Corporation regarding the scandalous waste of valuable farming lands in their possession in the Hollingworth and Tintwistle districts. It appears that, having acquired control of a number of thriving farms for the purpose of safeguarding their water supply, the Corporation have turned out the tenants and allowed good agricultural land to go to rack and ruin. Even the hay crop has been eaten up by wandering sheep. Who is responsible for this criminal waste?

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, General Headquarters, British Forces, France.

DEAR FIELD-MARSHAL,—For many days I have been wondering why the War Council have not sent to you official congratulations on your last magnificent contribution to the triumph of our arms. Victory is in sight. We hail, through Foch and you, the dawning of Our Day, and the whole nation stands in the light of the risen sun to thank you from its heart for your achievement. In full confidence, in high courage, in unfaltering purpose, it will be with you till the destined end.

JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Repington, Military Expert, "Morning Post."

MY DEAR COLONEL,—The fact that you are employed as a military expert scarcely puts you under an obligation to write like a fool. According to you, the Independent Air Force is all very well for bombing the applewomen of Cologne and Mannheim and other Rhine towns, but doesn't help on the war. I suggest to you that it is probably the squealing and squirming on the Rhine which keeps the Gothas off the Thames—also from dropping bombs on the hat of Colonel Repington and bringing him bad luck. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. S. M. Holden, Workers' Suffrage Federation, Accrington.

DEAR SIR,—Information from your town is that you have not only been adopted as Parliamentary Candidate, but that you have already waltzed into the arena brandishing your General Election address. I should think you, as a promiser, are the goods all right—£3 a week minimum wage for five days' work; £2 2s. for soldiers; increased pension, and £1 a week for soldiers' wives, and 12s. 6d. for each child; wages to be paid when out of work, and holiday money besides, are merely samples—for which same, all Accrington has to do is to pull up its socks and vote for Holden. What a spoof! JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. R. E. Prothero, M.P., President of the Board of Agriculture.

SIR,—My information is that in some few instances farmers are taking advantage of the minimum wage fixed by the Corn Production Act to raise the rents of the cottages occupied by their labourers, thus taking away with one hand what they are compelled to give with the other. If the existing Rent Acts do not cover these cases, it is to be hoped you will find other means of protecting the labourer who is worthy of his hire from the employer who would rob him of his rights. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Albert Stanley, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR SIR ALBERT,—I find that among the latest specifications lodged at the British Patent Office is one for the manufacture of ceramic ware by the Elektro Osmose Aktiengesellschaft (Graf Schwerin Gesellschaft), Lindenstrasse, Berlin. As things are now, I am quite prepared to be told that these gentry are as British as my grandmother; but I tell you frankly that I like neither their name nor their address. And didn't I read lately that no more specifications were to be received from enemy countries? JOHN BULL.

To Sir Auckland Geddes, Director of National Service.

DEAR DIRECTOR,—What are you going to do with that Shoreditch Medical Board? They examined a man genuinely subject to fainting fits—Morris, his name is, as you know. He had a fit in their presence as a result of the ordeal through which they put him, and they sent him back again to the Tribunal with the report, "He fainted at the Medical Board; it was rather a good counterfeit." At the Tribunal he fainted under excitement or shock, and again and again outside; and not till then did he receive either justice or mercy. Utterly incompetent, or over-sharp through callousness, the Board have publicly branded him as an impostor, and thus added insult to injury. Get a new set. JOHN BULL.

To the Sheriff, Edinburgh Police Court.

DEAR SHERIFF,—You owe the public an explanation. A man named M'Donna comes before you charged with an unmentionable assault on two boys. He is convicted, and you fine him £20. The fact that he is a Minister of Religion—a Roman Catholic Priest—makes the offence only so much the blacker. Tell us, Mr. Sheriff, why didn't you gaol the blackguard? Catholics won't thank you for your leniency. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. S. Bostock, Confectioner, Fife Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

SIR,—I cannot deny that you are a Conscientious Objector within the meaning of the Act, but as you told the Mayor at the Local Tribunal that you have made a covenant with the Almighty "not to help the farmer to gather a single grain of corn for a nation which is at enmity with Him," I naturally feel a little curious to know whether you have also made a covenant with Him to carry on the confectionery business—because, you see, if everybody felt as holy as you, you wouldn't have any flour. Lastly, the Hun would assuredly get you—and a good thing too. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Thomas Sedgwick, Newby Place, Poplar.

DEAR BULLY,—It may interest you to know that in my opinion you are the wrong man to be Secretary of the *Warspite* Training Ship. Because a lad of 15 was brought to you by his mother with some tale of misconduct, you actually took it upon yourself to thrash him with a cane in a way that would have been outrageous had such punishment been within your rights. I understand that the flogging was applied to the bare back with such merciless severity as to draw blood. At the Thames Police Court the Magistrate held that you had no right to touch the boy at all, and fined you £2 and £3 damages. You seem well qualified to fill the place at the Akbar School vacated by the brute Buettler, after my exposure of him some years ago. JOHN BULL.

DANCING WITH THE DEVIL.

HARPIES AND OFFICERS—A SUBTLE SNARE—THE APPROACHING HARVEST.

WE are dead against putting the Army in apron-strings, and on every occasion we have protested against the very narrow and unnecessary restrictions imposed upon the Officer and the Tommy alike. But we think it is time public attention was called to what is already developing into a nasty scandal. We mean the character of so-called private dances at which young officers are often unwittingly led into courses which make neither for personal happiness nor for the good of the Army. It will be remembered that for a long while the Military Authorities put a kind of extinguisher on the attendance of officers at ill-conducted dances, many of which it was known were nothing better than alcoholic orgies. But those restrictions which forbade officers to attend a public dancing-place in uniform, merely meant that the regulation was evaded by the wearing of civilian clothes or the camouflage of "private." That was a well-meant but an ill-devised Order, and its recent withdrawal has certainly tended to clear the air.

A Subtle Snare.

In future the uniform is not a bar to whatever amusement is to be found in the "light fantastic." So far, good. But there is so much that is undesirable, to use no stronger word, in the surroundings of many of these dances that the sooner the authorities interfere to protect our young officers the better. Take, for instance, some of the subscription evenings at the Grafton Galleries. We say without hesitation that many of the officers who go there expect to meet people of their own class. They find themselves in the company of loose women and card-sharpers, and many a young man has had cause to rue his visit. They last from eleven at night until three or four in the morning, and the way in which the boys are induced to go there is in itself objectionable. As these are so-called private subscription dances, they are not advertised in the ordinary open way. A far more subtle and pernicious system is in operation. Someone interested in the sale of tickets takes a table at a West End restaurant. The head waiter and one of his underlings is party to the scheme, and this tout approaches likely parties at the dining-table, principally young officers and their friends, and whispers to them the delights of a guinea "hop." Often the bait is readily swallowed, the waiter indicates the obliging man who has tickets to spare, and the guineas pass in payment. As a matter of fact, there is nothing "select" about these evenings. Anyone can go there by paying for admission. On one of our representative's visits he passed in unchallenged and paid nothing to witness the ugly gyrations of the Bunny Hug and the linked flirtations in the recesses.

Mixed Company.

Taxis and private cars—where *does* the petrol come from?—bring the company, mainly young subs. and obvious "crooks" and fashionably-dressed ladies of the town. Khaki undoubtedly predominated on the night of one of our man's visits, and in addition to the "lieuts." there were ten or a dozen "brass hats" and "tabs," with a good sprinkling of American and Colonial officers and some very youthful Guardsmen. The place is dimly-lighted by candles—large numbers of them are used in the chandeliers—and although there is the dancing, it is quite evident that for the most part the Grafton Galleries are used as a place of meeting; indeed, wounded officers walking with the aid of sticks are to be seen among the company. So far as the women who flock there are concerned, if there is not open solicitation the free-and-easy accosting is quite obvious, and the advances they make have but one meaning. As to their dress—well, by no stretch of language could it be described as modest; indeed, the whole atmosphere is suggestive of those halls of dancing which were a bad feature of the old days. It is in no squeamish spirit that we protest against these entertainments. Ask Sir Francis Lloyd or the police—they could tell much about some of these so-called private subscription dances. And apart from the women, there are the card-sharpers, who find the ballroom a convenient place for getting hold of the young and the inexperienced as a preliminary to fleecing them at some convenient gambling-den.

The Approaching Harvest.

It may be argued that the young officers must look after themselves, and that if they want to dance in such surroundings no amount of supervision can prevent them doing so. But, in our view, there is another side to the matter of these harpies at the dance. It is the duty of the authorities to attempt to prevent the hundreds of young officers who are in London every night from being victimised by unscrupulous females and swindling males. Undoubtedly it would be interesting to know how much the promoters of these dances pay in Entertainment Tax. They net huge profits; and now that the winter evenings are coming on, there will be more workers in so prosperous a field. By all means let there be dancing, but let it be carried on under conditions which render it possible for those who love the entertainment to enjoy it without the risks which at present attend quite an innocent visit to what is *not* "a private subscription dance." Let there be life and jollity in London, but let it be enjoyed in circumstances which do not involve the disgrace or ruin of the lads on leave and the boys who are waiting to take their part in the Great Adventure.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

WORKHOUSE FOR MOTHER AND CHILD.

If we *must* take married men for soldiers, we must find them a living wage. Anybody who says that 12s. 6d. a week in the country and 16s. in London is enough to live on now, is a liar. The wife of a civilian worker doesn't need to go out to work. But the wife of a man who is risking his life for us, must. God forgive the babblers for this callous meanness! And when she can't go out—what then? "Then she can apply to a charity"!

Take the case of a young woman now in West Bromwich Workhouse. She is expecting to give birth to a child this month. Her husband is fighting. And that's really the whole of the damnable story. But here are some details to stir your sluggard imaginations! Her Separation Allowance is 12s. 6d. She could not go out to work. She could not, of course, get any things for the baby. Unhelped, she could have done nothing but half-starve, and let the unborn baby starve too. So she was told to apply to some charitable affair run by ladies in West Bromwich. She went; related her piteous tale. "And the ladies gave her help and sympathy, and she lived happily ever afterwards?" Oh, yes—on the film! What the ladies actually did was to give her an introduction to the workhouse. And there she lies, waiting for a soldier's child to be born with the stigma of pauperdom on him. And with what stigma upon us, who have been fond of boasting that we are the richest nation in the world, and who for years have been pouring out millions every day, a considerable proportion being wasted—quite sufficient to provide for all such cases as those of this poor woman and her helpless babe.

HARASSING THE BEREAVED.

DISGRACEFUL TOUTING BY PUBLISHING FIRM.

To their shame be it said that the Queenhithe Publishing Company, of 13, Bread Street Hill, E.C., are still pestering the relatives of soldiers killed in action for the purpose of their "Roll of Honour," to be published in "a large Royal Quarto Edition-de-Luxe" at the modest price of £3 5s. a copy. Of course, every effort is made to clothe this bald commercial proposition with a decent garb of sentiment. "It is intended," we are told, "that the work, while not overstepping the bounds of good taste and a reverent reticence, shall be such as may convey to those who have lost relatives or friends near or dear to them a faithful miniature of their life's work and its environment, as well as of any special deeds of valour connected with their names." But this picturesque top-dressing is camouflage.

The plain truth of it all is that the Queenhithe Publishing Company are seeking to exploit the sufferings of war for their private gain—a proceeding which, to say the least of it, is the very negation of "good taste" and "reverent reticence." In many cases the receipt of these impudent overtures has occasioned deep resentment. "Is it not a scandalous shame," writes a bereaved parent at Hull, "that parents should be subjected to the annoyance of these touting circulars whilst their hearts are still bleeding in consequence of the loss of a son?" The writer goes on to state that the circulars of the Queenhithe Company which he encloses are "typical of many received from similar firms," and he offers the opinion, which we are inclined to endorse, that the publishers "require the attention of the authorities," who unfortunately are very remiss in matters of this kind.

UNWORTHY OF THE NAME.

VICTIMISATION OF A PATRIOTIC VOLUNTEER.

If this should meet the eyes of Lacon and Ollier, Opera and Theatre Office, Z, Burlington Gardens, London, W. 1, we hope it will black them. We are sorry to see that the name of both the actual partners is Bull. What the dickens do they mean by dirtying that name? And they *have* dirtied it. Listen!

Mr. E. Tibbits has worked with the firm for 21 years. Since the beginning of the war he has been a "G.R.". When, this year, the call came for 15,000 men to guard the East Coast, he volunteered, and was granted two months' leave by the firm, starting on June 29th. Time was up, of course, on 29th August. On the 24th of the month he wrote the Chief Clerk, saying he expected to be back during the following week. Of course, he couldn't name the day. You know what the Army is! But actually he returned on August 28th. On the previous day, however, he received a registered letter from the firm, dismissing him on the ground that he had stayed away too long, and they couldn't let business remain disorganised. Arriving in town on the 28th, he went at once to see the Chief Clerk, who told him nothing could be done. Two days later a reference was sent him, praising him up to the skies. Now, though Mr. Tibbits is over 50, a man who can do two months' military service can't be old enough to be scrapped—even if such a despicable way of scrapping him were tolerable! We want to know what these fellows mean, and whether something cannot be done to bring them to book. In these times the relations between employers and employed are of more than personal interest.

"THE WIND UP!"

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle and all!

SIGHTS OF THE SILVERY STREAK.

WHAT'S WHAT AND WHO'S WHO ON THE THAMES

A special gift of vision may be needed to see the "scandals on the Thames," as viewed for us by a lady whose account of them presupposes not only habits of observation but qualities of erotic description which lose nothing in restraint. "I wonder," she begins, "whether you would call attention to the scenes to be witnessed along the river, particularly the Hampton Court stretch of it?" Certainly—precisely as she says she has seen them. First of all she pictures in "those boats drawn up along the bank under the trees" lounging slackers and scantily-clad girls lying and lollopping about on soft cushions; slackers whose boats are practically brothels in which they live beyond the reach of calling-up papers; and then in contrast she calls attention to the camp opposite, where men of 46, and in one case 62, all in khaki, are "kicked and sworn at from early morn to dewy eve." All the colours of the scene are shown up as in a sudden glare: "Men and women are seen lying about in boats, a couple at each end, in positions which leave little to the imagination, while others cover themselves up to the heads with their tarpaulins till, as my friend said, 'They might as well be in bed together.' As to the night scenes behind or under the cover of those boats, I am told"—but "what the soldier said is not evidence," so we will leave that part of the picture.

"I am not a purist," the lady concludes. "I have lived too long abroad for that; but I have never seen anything to equal in shameless indecency those scenes I witnessed up the sylvan Thames a week or two ago." To what extent she is a witness of truth, and to what extent a victim of erotic imagination, those familiar with the pleasures of London's glorious river must judge by their own standard of light. On the other hand, if the Hampton Court police, with the aid of the Thames Conservancy and the Recruiting Officer, have not judged by theirs, it seems about time they commenced

AN UNEXPLAINED FATALITY.

MILITARY JUGGERNAUTS ON A PUBLIC HIGHWAY.

It is stated that within the last twelve months half-a-dozen accidents in which military motor cars have figured have occurred on the Epping New Road. One of these mishaps, involving the death of a seven-year-old boy, was lately the subject of an inquest at Woodford, Essex, but we certainly cannot compliment Dr. F. Collins, the Deputy County Coroner, upon his method of handling the painful affair. In such a case, everything naturally turned upon the speed of the motor-car at the time of the fatality, a question invested with still greater importance from the fact that the chauffeur, Private Lawrence Cass, of the A.S.C. had been three times convicted for driving at an excessive speed, although always, as he pleaded, "under orders."

Clearly, the speed of the car was the main question at issue. On this point, Captain Sir Maxwell Monson, Bart., who was the passenger at the time, seems to have had very little to say, but much might have turned upon the proffered testimony of Mr. Frank Ison, a Walthamstow tradesman, who, unfortunately, was refused a hearing. Asked by the Deputy Coroner if he had actually witnessed the fatal accident, Mr. Ison was compelled to answer in the negative, but he added the highly relevant statement that he saw the car "just before." There were a number of other witnesses in attendance, but none of them was called. Obviously Mr. Ison was most anxious to acquaint the jury with his observations, but the Deputy Coroner would have none of it. Had the proceedings been in the nature of a civil action for the recovery of damages, evidence of the speed of the car "just before" the accident would have been regarded as of the utmost significance, and every available witness heard. We are at a loss to understand why the Deputy Coroner should have set aside this perfectly valid line of evidence, thus leaving the jury no alternative to a bald verdict of "Accidental Death." This is certainly not the way to check the rampages of the military Juggernauts who have wrought such havoc.

"FACE" AND "NECK."

BRIGHTON BEAUTY MERCHANTS' BRAZEN APPEAL.

Whether or not you fancy the "blooming cheek" of which Vaughan and Heather, of Brighton, admittedly are exponents, none can be indifferent, at any rate among the fairer sex, to the charm of "snow-white arms," chaste emblems of virginal purity. For these desirable implements of social conquest, Messrs. V. and H., Ltd., have an unfailing recipe. It is the peculiar property of this preparation that, while primarily designed for the bleaching of the arms, it may, as we understand, be applied with equal advantage to any other part of the body, even to a "red bloated nose," if you happen to have misspent your spare cash in the acquirement of this unlovely feature. Certainly, Vaughan and Heather's own "face" is in prime condition, and their "neck" of as high a horse-power as any we have met with.

AVIATION FROM THE ARMCHAIR.

WOULD-BE AIRMAN BITTEN BY "FLY" CONCERN

That it should be possible to acquire the airman's art without leaving the ground, sounds incredible, but it's quite possible—according to "W. H. Pease, Esq., M.Aer.Inst., Director of the Nottingham Flying and Correspondence Schools, Limited, 32, King Street, Nottingham"—we quote his letter heading. But you can't expect to sit comfortably at home and acquire a practical knowledge of flying unless you are prepared to pay for the privilege. The cost is small—a mere matter of ten guineas. One of our readers sent "W. H. Pease, Esq." a cheque for that sum, in order that his son might receive "eight lectures by post," and then be "examined by an expert from the Air Board for the purpose of obtaining a certificate." He was assured that "a successful student would be accepted in any Aerodrome or Construction Works." And, true enough, after repeated requests, along came the lectures—three of them—together with a leather case for the same, and two cheap books on Flying. Our correspondent seems, however, to have been somewhat dissatisfied with the deal—for he actually threatened "W. H. Pease, Esq." with legal proceedings. To which threat Pease replied that he could do nothing more, "the Company's affairs being in the hands of solicitors"—a sickening "crash" after so delightful a flight of fancy.

DESERTED TO THE NAVY.

A SAILOR'S PLEA FOR THE KING'S PARDON.

A long time ago we suggested that the King should proclaim a free pardon for all deserters and absentees. A reader now tells us his own story. "I went out to France in November, 1914," he says, "and was wounded in the head in July, 1915, at Festubert, at the same time being reported killed. The news upset my wife so much that she was laid up for a long time. After being in hospital two months I got 7 days' leave and 30s. I received about four weeks' pay, 20 francs, while in France. I wrote the Paymaster of my Regiment for the back pay due to me, roughly reckoning about £10, and I received a final reply to say I had not been finally discharged from hospital and would receive it when I had been. Of course my wife and myself could not live on the separation allowance of 12s. 6d. a week, so before my leave had expired I went away to sea, and after a few voyages I joined on one of H.M. ships for the duration of the war. I have served close on three years in the ship now. There must be hundreds of cases not dissimilar to mine, and I honestly think I have deserved a pardon. What am I to do to get it?" All he can do, or rather the best thing he can do, is to do his duty in the Navy till the end of the war. He can at any rate be sure of the King's pardon then. Even so, there will be so little to pardon that it cannot make mercy a merit even in a King.

LLOYD GEOR

His Pro-German Host—A Military M

By THE

WELL, the Prime Minister has made his "great" speech at Manchester. All speeches of Ministers, you must understand, are "great"; that line —"great speech"—is always kept in type by the political papers, the name of the speaker just being dropped in! First of all, we cannot congratulate him on his choice of host. We know that the hospitality of the Lord Mayor was purely official, but in this case it ought to have been declined. Sir Alexander Porter's conversation and surroundings were scarcely calculated to stimulate his guest's enthusiasm for a crushing victory. As we pointed out last September, Manchester citizens were up in arms against the selection of its present Chief Magistrate—who, at a public meeting, had declared that the "Germans had been the pioneers of civilisation on the Continent; and *they* were the people we were called upon to go and kill." He also voted in favour of letting public halls for meetings of the Union of Democratic Control; whilst on another occasion he asked: "Was it worth while to pour out England's blood and treasure to preserve the integrity of Belgium?"—adding that "we were being forced into the war for no object that was worth the life of a single Englishman; we were asked to go to war because of our *unreasonable jealousy and hatred of Germany.*" A nice sort of host for Britain's Prime Minister! In future, he should look up the files of this journal—which we know he carefully preserves—before accepting these official invitations!

The Premier Joins Us.

And now for the speech. What can I say about it? Of course, it was really addressed to the ladies and gentlemen who constitute the Parliamentary Registers which come into force in October. That was its dominating note. Next, it was directed against the contemplated campaign of the Old Liberals, under the Asquith banner. And, generally, it was an adroit effort to induce the people of the country to exclaim, *Ecce Homo*—behold the man! All of which is perfectly legitimate in political warfare. But over and above it all stands out one remarkable revelation—and that is that, so far as the after-war policy of this country is concerned, the Premier has undoubtedly come round to the policy for which I have been pleading in these columns, and on the public platform, for the past seven years. I refer, of course, to the principle of what I have always called Business Government. Listen to these words: "I have been at the head of four Departments of State since this war began. The business men of the community I found assisting me at the Exchequer to save the country from a financial panic, which would have destroyed confidence and made it impossible to win the war. It was the same at the War Office. Great engineers, great contractors, managers and others engaged in transportation, came to help. Their work has been invaluable. I do not know how we could have run the war had it not been for the assistance we have had from men who have been running great businesses. It would have been quite impossible." Let that admission stand for all time on record—but for the fact that business men came to the aid of the Government, it would have been "impossible to win the war." And what about the ridiculous old system of Party Government? Here is the Premier's further admission. Referring to "the sheds where the various Party machines have rusted," Mr. Lloyd George says: "I can hear sounds of elaborate preparations for setting up the old merry-go-round, which gives men the illusion that they are prancing at a terrific speed when they are really circling around the same old cranky machine to the same old tune." After this it is obvious that Mr. Lloyd George must become a Vice-President of the Business Government League as soon as we bring that body into active being after the war. And just remember, that only a few years ago the Prime Minister and his colleagues were telling us that the Party system of government is the one best adapted to the working of our constitution, and that it was impossible to find any substitute for it. How time and experience are justifying us!

A Peace Feeler.

But for the moment we are all more concerned with the prosecution and the ending of the war than with questions of future domestic government. And here I am afraid I cannot congratulate the Prime Minister upon his pronouncement. Only last week I addressed several specific questions to him as to the minimum terms of peace upon which Britain should insist. I fancy that my article was read by him on his way to Manchester. Let me recapitulate those terms as I stated them. We were to fight on until we have Germany on her knees, pleading for mercy. We were to make Germany reimburse the Allies the whole cost of the war, "even though that means the mortgaging of all her resources for a generation to come." The surrender of the German fleet was to be another indispensable condition. There was to be no restoration of the German colonies. The Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs were to go. Every U-boat Commander and every German officer proved to have been guilty of any of the dastardly crimes of the past few years was to be tried for murder by an international tribunal of the Allies. The German Empire was to be split up into the small States of which it consisted prior to 1870—and in the meantime, pending the carrying out of these terms, "no German-born person and no child of a German-born person" should be entitled to trade or carry on any business in this country, or to occupy any post in any Government or other Public Department. What is the Premier's reply? It is really summarised in this phrase: "Peace must not be dictated by extreme men on either side." Well, I am one of the extreme men; and I certainly do not appreciate the Prime Minister's fear lest we should impose upon the enemy "terms that will leave a stain upon the conscience of the Allied people and subject them to the inevitable punishment that wrong-doing brings in its train." Do you notice that word "wrong-doing"? What about "the inevitable punishment" that the wrong-doing of Germany calls for? And what about that solemn declaration that condign retribution should be visited upon all persons responsible for the *Lusitania*, Cavell, Captain Fryatt and other crimes—"whoever they be and whatever their station"? It appears "we must not arm Germany with a real wrong," and then, according to the full report in the *Times*—I confess I read the words with absolute amazement—"we must not impose upon our *friends* a Brest-Litovsk treaty." Surely we shall find that this is another case of a reporter's error, and that "friends" is a misprint for "enemies." I am an old short-hand writer myself—and I know how easily the two words can be confused!

A Military Mystery.

And what is this mystery about those unused Reserves who were apparently kicking their heels together in March last in this country, when we were suffering defeat and heavy casualties over in France? We are now told that all this was done to mislead the enemy. Really! Or was it an egregious blunder on somebody's part? The matter must be sifted to the uttermost. Besides, what were Reserves, anyway, doing at home? I should like to know whether Foch was aware of their existence. At any rate, to the lay mind it is all very bewildering; and the jibe at the Press for its ignorance in the matter is not very good electioneering—except that the average editor, like myself, is a thick-skinned individual. Then there is that suggestion about admitting Germany to the League of Nations, "if, after the war, she repudiates and condemns her perfidy, or rather the perfidy of her rulers." That wasn't the voice of the real Lloyd George—it was the voice of the Lord Mayor of Manchester. How can a criminal "repudiate" and "condemn" his own crimes? And why this sudden limiting of criminal responsibility to the "rulers" of Germany? Were the U-boat commanders rulers? Were the brutes who ravished the women, and massacred the old folk and children of Belgium, rulers? Were the beasts who razed Louvain and Rheims Cathedral to the ground rulers? No, my dear Prime Minister, it won't do. Germany is a nation of wild beasts, and, as at present constituted, must be wiped off the map. On the other hand, I am delighted to see that even in "Free Trade" Lancashire, the Premier had the pluck to throw over the arm-chair political economists of pre-war days, and also the crazy cranks who think

EORGE JOINS US.

ary Mystery—Some Significant Omissions.

By THE EDITOR.

that everything can be done by the State, thus crippling private enterprise and playing direct into the hands of our commercial rivals. "We must see," said he, "that all essential key-industries shall be preserved after the war." That is as it should be. And so is this: "We must see that our national resources are developed to the full and that the State renders all the assistance in its power to attain that object." And this is better still, in reference to agriculture and food: "We have been dependent on others, not because Great Britain cannot produce food, but because we never realised the importance of home production." Truly the Premier has come over to our camp! And then there is the reminder that a vital factor of success will be the co-operation of the capitalists and employers as well as of the workers—"all classes must be invited to assist, to co-operate, to devise, to work out these problems." But now that he is converted, he must swallow the Gospel of Business Government whole; there must not be two bites at *that* cherry.

A Challenging Policy.

Let Mr. Lloyd George put aside vague generalities and come out with a challenging policy. Of course, he will have enemies and opponents. He must play, not the politician, but the statesman. If he seeks to placate the Pacifists and all the Don't-hurt Germany tribe, he will end only in pleasing nobody. I quite agree that the whole mind of the Government should be absorbed in the prosecution of the war to a victorious end. But if the head of the Government goes to Lancashire to talk Reconstruction, then let us have the cards on the table and know exactly what he means. I know what *I* mean—there is no ambiguity about my policy. We must reconstruct our prosperity and aid in the development of our Imperial resources by putting a ring fence round those commercial pirates—the Germans. There was a Paris Conference which laid down schemes and plans for Allied co-operation in the trade of the world. Let us have the Paris resolutions converted into active means for enriching those who have fought together, and impoverishing the dastards who have bathed the world in blood and drained nearly dry the coffers of the Allies. I know no "friends" but real friends. The Germans are the enemies of mankind. While they thought they were winning, they boasted of the rich indemnities they would exact; now that we have got them really on the run let us not boast, but make solemn declaration of our purpose. And that purpose must be to extract from our inhuman foe full recompense for all the terrible loss in money and property he has caused. We can never find recompense for the blood of our dearest and best. They have fallen in a great cause. They died for a great ideal—the ideal of Liberty and Justice. My Lord Mayor of Manchester may hold that to defend or uphold the integrity of brave little Belgium was not worth the life of a single Englishman. The men who leapt to the Colours when the King and Kitchener called thought differently. We shall never be content until the bestial Hohenzollerns are debased before the world, and the German people bite the dust of humiliation.

The Women and Children.

And this brings me to a very significant omission from the speech of the Prime Minister—the right of the fighting man to a decent allowance for his wife and children. I have written strongly on this matter before, and I shall continue to voice the grievances of the fighter until every just claim has been conceded. Discipline is a wonderful thing—it is winning the war. But those who exact the unquestioning obedience of the soldier should see to it that there is nothing which can justly weaken his loyalty or strain his good faith. I say deliberately that the cases which are brought before me of gross meanness where the soldier's family is concerned are a disgrace to us as a nation. It is true the workers at home—many of them earning wages which before the war were undreamed of—still find that the cost of living more than counter-balances their increased earnings. The result is that they agitate and strike, and get what they demand. Not so the soldier. He has gone to the war, giving up everything—home, wife, the love of his children, the refining influence of the domestic hearth—everything that makes life dear and worth living. He has made many sacrifices in taking up the rifle—he is ready to make the supreme sacrifice. All he asks—and his request should come to us as a command—is that "the little things" he has left behind him should never know the pinch of poverty. And there are thousands who are feeling that pinch. It is useless to talk to me about the cost; I am unmoved by the argument of "holding the balance," and of considering the taxpayer. That is all fudge. God knows this war is costing untold millions—the price of killing is a big one. Why should we haggle at the cost of maintaining in decent comfort the lives of those who have been left behind? On that subject I want to hear something strong and courageous from the head of the Government. I am tired of reading loud-sounding praise of our soldiers, when I know that in too many cases their wives and little ones are not getting just and generous treatment from the State. Many a fighting man would value more the knowledge that the home fires were burning bright than any honour he might win in the field.

Keep the Home Fires Burning.

What about those home fires, by the way—are they to be kept burning, or is the Government really serious in demanding that the poorer sections of the community shall suffer cold, rather than bring back the miners to do the work which is waiting to be done? I receive many letters from these men, telling me that they are engaged upon Labour work of a kind which any unskilled man could do—and that they are only too eager to come back to the mines. And if we had those large Reserves of which the Germans knew nothing and the British Press was ignorant, would it not have been a sensible and practical step to have sent home those 70,000 miners who would have stood between us and the now threatened coal famine? Nothing gives me more uneasiness than the thought that, while we had these large reserves at home, they were not sent to the assistance of Haig, and that at the same time the Government deliberately allowed the coal supply to get into such a dangerous state. This is no question of food or material from overseas. No U-boat menace can touch the fuel which rests in the earth. All we need is the skilled men to bring it to the surface. To be quite frank, Mr. Lloyd George could indulge in no better electioneering "stunt" than to promise a living allowance to soldiers' wives, and a full grate for the soldier's home. And when I say soldier's home, I naturally mean more than half the homes of the country. Look where you will, go where you may, you see evidences that father, or brother, or son, or lover is away at the fighting front. These great-hearted fellows are battling for us and the Empire's future. It is our duty, and it is the duty of Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister, to see that we do the best we can for the women and the bairns they have left behind. And, by the way, I *should* have welcomed a few kindly references to the splendid work of Sir Douglas Haig. They would have removed the unfortunate impression that there is no love lost between him and the Premier; and that, in reality, the proposal for the Single Command—which, in practice, I beg to assure you, has in no way restricted the freedom of either Haig or Pershing—had no reference to this state of affairs. Haig has done wonders—despite terrible obstacles; and Pershing is doing wonders too. And a few words about Russia and Japan would not have been out of place. But I must not worry the Prime Minister. The burden on his shoulders is a heavy one—and we must all hope that his strength will be equal to it. I trust that by the time these words are read, his present indisposition will have passed over. He is not physically strong. I well remember how, in the middle of his first Budget Speech, the House had to adjourn to give him time to recuperate. And I sometimes fear that his spirit may be too vigorous for his body. He must get more golf—preferably on Sundays. The better the day, the better everything else which in itself is good. Meanwhile, the heart of the nation goes out to him in his illness. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and being Prime Minister of England in these times involves a strain not less trying. He has all our good wishes—yes, and our prayers.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. GOMPERS.

Good arfternoon, sir. I believe I'm right in thinkin' you are Mr. Gompers, ain't I? . . . Ah, I thought so. I see you on the picshers the other night. Proud to meet you, sir. . . . *'Air cut?* Cert'nly, sir. I've bin followin' your speeches at the Derby Congress and elsewere pritty close, I kin tell you, and up to now I 'aven't got anythink but praise for 'em. . . . *Not too short?* Very good. I was a-sayin', I'm pleased with the way you've spoke, up to now, and I'd like to shake your 'and fur supportin' Havelock Wilson's five years' German boycott idea. Arfter you, our Arthur 'Endersons, Philip Snowdens, and Ramsay MacDonalds, with their sickenin' consideration for our dirty enemy, 'ardly seem like genuine Britishers. . . . Oh, I'll be careful to cut it even round the ears, sir. Leave it to me. As I was a-sayin', compared with our bloomin' Bolshies, you talk like a top-'ole Britisher instead of an American. . . . No offence. Wot I mean ter say is thet you, technically a foreigner, puts some of our 'ome-bred so-called Labour leaders to shame. America oughter feel proud o' you, sir. . . . *Singe it?* Yes, sir. Now, wot's surprised you most about the workin' clarsses in this country? . . . *The frequency of strikes during a war of this magnitude?* I dessay it does. It surprises a good many people. It seems queer to you thet men wot 'ave sons an' brothers, not to speak of farthers, fightin', bleedin', an' dyin' at the front, should endanger the supply of munitions an' sech like for the sake of gittin' more pay. But 'oo's to blame? Corse, I'm one o' them wot thinks thet strikin' in woretime is an offence against the State and a betrayal of the fightin' men wot are bearin' the brunt an' securin' our safety. But I arsks, 'Oo's to blame? . . . *The agitators?* Well, to a certain extent. . . . *Failure to grarsp the meanin' of the wore?* Well, yes, in some cases. But, in my opinion, the Guv'ment is to blame from first to larst. 'Igh prices is at the root o' the trouble, an' the Guv'ment is responsible for the 'igh prices. W'en the wore broke out, the Guv'ment should 'ave parssed a short Ack to keep the price of all commodities at the pre-wore rate, and to restrict profits. But, instead o' thet, wot did they do? W'y, they sorter compounds a felony by shovin' a tax on excess profits, w'ich was as good as sayin', Go on, you make as big profits as you bloomin' well can, and we'll take a share o' the swag. Up goes prices at once, and before long chaps wot were earnin' decent money before the wore found they couldn't make both ends meet. Then they agitates for more pay, and the wore bonus bizniss begins. W'en the employers find they've gotter pay out more in wages, they shoves the prices up again, so as not to be the losers. Then comes more agitations and strikes, an' more pay as a consequence. An' so it'll go on, 'eaven knows 'ow long. But you'll find thet only them workers wot combine an' can force the 'ands of the Guv'ment git wot's necessary and a bit over. Wot somebody called the inarticklett pore—pensioned Civil Servants, an' others—'ave to carry on some'ow with their pre-wore pay. The Guv'ment only 'elps them wot kin 'old a bludgeon at their 'ead. If prices 'ad bin fixed at a low maximum from the first, we shouldn't 'ave seen these strikes, Mr. Gompers, and I 'ope your Guv'ment in the States will make a note of it. . . . Thank you, sir. I'm glad I've give you satisfaction.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY TELEGRAPH":—
"The prisoner knew no ENGLISH word but 'KAMERAD.'"

"ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS":—
"The German press continues its attempts to console public opinion by repeatedly alleging that the ANGLO-GERMAN armies have sustained a great defeat."

"WESTERN MAIL" (heading):—
"DRAMATIC NEWS FROM THE FRONT. JIMMY WILDE TO RETIRE UNTIL WAR IS OVER."

ANDREW SOUTER (in the *Story-Teller*):—
"'Perhaps you know the woman,' Evelyn suggested, LOOKING AT HIM WITH THE TIP OF HER CHIN."

"LLOYD'S SUNDAY NEWS":—
"For your HUSBAND'S MATERNITY BENEFIT you must apply to his approved society."

"METHODIST RECORDER":—
"On behalf of members of the Corporation and a few friends, the REV. HENDERSON, M.P., DESCRIBED MR. ARMSTRONG AS A WALLET CONTAINING £50 IN TREASURY NOTES."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—
"The deputation was ACCOMPANIED BY A LARGE STREET AND THE WHOLE OF THE ROADWAY IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE HOME OFFICE."

"SUNDAY CIRCLE":—
"It was THUNDER, a pealing, splitting crash such as no one had heard in those parts before. THEN CAME THE LIGHTNING."

"DAILY MIRROR":—
"It was announced . . . that the Archbishop of Canterbury had become a victim of 'Spanish flim.' Another death from this OMNISCIENT complaint is reported from Blyth."

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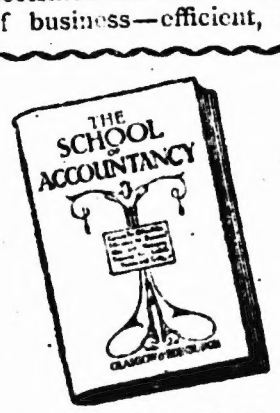

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"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 10th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Victimisation:—The following Divisional Order has been issued in Italy:—"When any case of V.D. contracted by men who have been on leave in this country occurs in a section, the leave of the whole section of the men concerned will be stopped for three months from the date of admission of the man to hospital, or until the man has returned to duty." The War Council might put their heads together and study this most unfair Order, which naturally rankles with the men.

Love Thine Enemy!:—A fever-stricken crowd from Salonica arrived recently at Amesbury Station, about midnight, and started on a four-mile march to their camp. The poor fellows were tired to death, and were not cheered by the sight of a gang of German prisoners being taken away in conveyances over the same route. The soldiers were hungry, too, but when they arrived at the camp they found there was no food for them. If the record of German prisoners' treatment in England reaches the Front, we can understand why the Kaiser's army is surrendering in big mobs.

Wireless Woes:—Being careful of our dogs, we quarter them in dry kennels. We would be loth to put them in the crowded tents occupied by the Wireless Section of the R.A.F. at South Farnboro'. The men sleep on bare boards, with two blankets apiece, and during the recent rains the inside of the tents were sodden, and the occupants were kept awake shivering with the cold. We could say something about this camp that "Dora" forbids, but we hope that by now its condition has been brought to the notice of the big-wigs of the Medical Department.

To Mend Malaria:—Numerous malaria patients sent home from the East complain that the doctors do not seem to know how to treat them, and ask for a recipe. Here is a simple one: Wash a lemon, slice it, and place it in a saucepan—pips, skin and all. Cover it with 1½ pints of water, and let it simmer until it has been reduced by two-thirds. It should be let stand for the night, and afterwards strained. A tot half-an-hour before breakfast each day for ten days does the trick. Afterwards a dose should be taken upon the first sign of recurrence.

Hard Work—Small Pay:—We appeal again on behalf of the civilian clerks employed in various military offices—whose work is hard, hours long, and pay small. Better things were promised them some time ago, but these boons are still in the clouds.

Disgusting:—We wonder who selected the quarters occupied by the men of the Drill School at Harrowby Camp, Grantham. Baths are unknown, and no water can be obtained for ablutions after 7 a.m. The latrines are awful, and we cannot make out how the men contrive to wash their drill suits, bed boards and tent floor boards. The sanitary man should pay a visit.

Pity the "Pro.":—One's heart goes out to the men of low category who, getting on in years, spend most of their Army time in picking up bits of paper or reporting sick. Business and professional men linger on like that, while their prospects go to rack and ruin. One man used to be a music-hall juggler and acrobat. In the Army he is worse than useless, while he is losing all his skill and slipping into the ranks of the "has-beens."

"JACK."

For "My Lords Commissioners":—The Hyde Parker Committee recently visited the Chatham and Portsmouth Dockyards, and consulted with the Lower Deck Committee and others, with whom they left the idea that all the genuine grievances placed before them would be immediately remedied. But unfortunately their Report, if any were made, appears to have met with the common fate of such documents, and the men are waiting for the improvements. My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have no reason to say that they do not know the feeling of the Lower Deck men.

Up to Us:—Congratulations to the Writers of the Royal Navy and to the Artizan ratings of the Service! We have voiced their grievances, and followed up by pressing their claims upon the "higher authority." It was "some job," but we are delighted to know that a number of the grievances have now been remedied. This is a good first instalment, but we intend to hang on until every grievance, however large or however small, is removed. Jack is our pal, and we mean to stick to him.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Another "Twicer":—The post of Secretary to the War Pensions Committee at Daventry was recently advertised in the local paper, and some discharged soldiers put in for the job—which, however, went to a postman who was already earning about £3 a week!

Pie-Crust Promises:—A G. E. R. carriage-cleaner at the outbreak of war begged for, and was granted, permission to join the Army, being promised suitable employment when he returned to civil life. He was crocked in France, and sent home, being advised by the doctor to undertake light work. He approached the Company with a request that he might have the job of travelling ticket-inspector, or ticket-collector at a country station, but was turned down, and offered the position of coupler. He would probably not have obtained the post had it been suitable for a woman.

Combing Out the Elderly:—The Director of National Service has appealed to employers of labour to release young men when possible. One firm at Gateshead has failed to respond. When Admiralty orders became slack, they released—*i.e.*, sacked—the older men. They paid off three discharged soldiers, who have been over the top, and a man of 57. They kept on youths of 20 to 25, and three men under 35. They have acted similarly before, getting rid of "old" hands while appealing for the exemption of young men and youths. An interesting feature is the number of employees, "labourers" and others, who happen to be related to foremen, chargemen and similar officials of the firm.

Guards of the Silver Badges:—Admirable is the suggestion of a reader. "My silver-badge number," he informs us, "is in the neighbourhood of the quarter million. Supposing that out of this number there are only 50,000 who, like myself, have been 'out.' Let the Government re-enlist us to guard German prisoners, and put over us officers who have had a taste of Hun treatment in German internment camps, and you can guarantee that there will not be so many escapes or refusals to work as are now reported, and unreported, in the papers." A similar proposal was highly commended in our columns not long ago and still has our hearty support.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Handicapped:—A soldier's wife has had five of her children down with influenza. Upon their recovery, her baby contracted an illness—thus preventing the mother going to work to pay off the doctor's bill, which was causing her great anxiety until she wrote us.

Hire-System "Comfort":—The very young wife of a soldier presented a sorry tale to us. She is newly-married, and her small home was obtained on the hire-system. Her health has failed, and owing to absence from work for a few weeks, payments for the furniture had to be postponed. All the goods were seized, but we relieved her immediate necessity of a bed to lie upon.

Trouble upon Trouble:—A poor woman has a young family of sickly children; she has lost two by death within a month. Another one is delicate and in need of nourishing diet, and her Army allowance will cover only half the cost of the family's needs. Expenses had accumulated, but these we helped to disperse.

Worked until Worsted:—Heart disease is responsible for the penurious circumstances of a deserving family. The mother, a soldier's wife, has always been a hard-working woman, but she has overdone it, and her little ones are left to the care of another. The need for assistance was very pressing.

Broke in Our Wars:—A shell-shock sufferer has, in addition, epileptic fits and various other complaints. He has been off work for five months—and we are puzzled to know how he, his wife, and child have lived on his pension of 13s. 6d a week. It is one of those cases in which we can, unfortunately, render but temporary relief, hoping that further assistance may be given in other quarters.

Some More Cases Helped:—

Soldier's widow; five young children; expenses for sickness could not be met.

Home on leave to bury daughter; long doctor's bill outstanding.

Discharged soldier suffering from blood-poisoning. Cannot follow employment.

Another discharged man in debt to his landlady for rent, owing to temporary absence from work.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; W. A. W., 2s. 6d.; "Emma," 1s.; A. J. (Buckworth), 1s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S., Woolwich Arsenal, £1; Anon. (Newcastle), 1s.; "An Ilford Wife and Mother," 2s. 6d.; G. H., 1s. 8d.; E. G. (Warrington), 2s. 6d.; Pte. G. A. S., 1s. 10d.; Anonymous (Hampton), 5s.; L. M., 5s.; E. C. (Benthoul), 2s. 9d.; Mrs. M., 1s. 3d.; F. A. D. (Brixton), 5s.; "Feel Up," 1s.; A. W., 1s. 6d.; W. H. G. (Athlone), 2s.; "Edinburgh," 5s.; "Just a Soldier's Wife," 6s.; "Engineer" (Umtali), 10s.; "Buster," 5s.; "A Maltese," 5s.; T. P. L. and A. B., £10; J. A. D. (Reading), 10s.; "Gran," 1s. 3d.; T. and H. G., £5; "Prisoner of War's Wife" (Norwich), 2s.; J. T., 1s.; G. B. (Glasgow), 1s. 6d.; R. C. M. (Coventry), 5s.; N. T., 2s. 6d.; "Tommy's Wife" (Wolverhampton), 1s.; S. J. D., 7s. 6d.; The V.D.C. Golf Club (Para, N. Brazil), £7 10s.; "Silver Badge," 1 rupee; H. G., £1 1s.; "Tim," 10s.; "Wino" (Bexhill), 2s. 6d.; M. E. T., 5s.; "Unlucky Patrie," 1s.; A. P. M. (Hants), 1s. 6d.; Anonymous, £1; A. R. W., 10 frs.; "Sincere Sympathiser," 2s. 6d.; F. E. P. (Gt. Addington), 1s.; "Dissatisfied One," 6d.; J. D. (Limekiln), 2s. 6d.; J. D. R., 1s. 2d.; J. J. D. J., 3s. 6d.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; "Another Gambler" (H.M.S. *Wallington*), 5s.; C. C. C. (Newport), 10s.; Collected on Mess Deck, H.M.S. *Manners* (per E. J. H.), 4s.; W. £1 "24730," 4s.; J. W. F., 1s.; "Constant Reader" (Whitley Bay), 5s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; E. D. (Chelsea), £10; G. T. M., 4s. 4d.; "A Canadian C. P. O.," 2 dollars; "Discharged," 2s. 6d., E. A. H. (Kilburn), 1s.; W. A. W., 2s. 6d.; "In Mem. S. M. S.," 2s.; Mrs. M. L. W., 2s 6d.; Crew of H.M.S. *Resolute II.*, 10s.; M. E. D. (Newark), 10s.; "Agnes Wickfield," 1s.; "A Few Storewomen, No. 16, C.S.D.P., R.A.F., Canterbury," 4s. 6d.; "M. A. G., Very Thankful," 8s.; B. A. (Gretna), 1s.; "Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s.; E. P. (Southsea), 2s. 6d.; P. S. (Bradford), 1s.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

Women Cleaners at the Northumberland Street Branch, Ministry of Munitions (per T. R.), £6 12s. 3d.; R. B. (B.E.F.), 1s.; Pte. W. P., 4s. 4d.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

(The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.)

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"ALERT" (Bristol).—"If it wasn't for royalty there would have been no war." An excellent reason for hanging the All Highest, the Clown Prince, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Inconstantino of Greece, and the Sultan of Turkey. You see, there are Royalties *and* Royalties.

C. W. H. (Ilford).—"Taking most men of 48 to 51 is wasting the nation's money." Of course you speak feelingly; but it is also wasting the nation's men.

F. G. AND OTHERS.—Our view is that no British-born woman married to a Germhun should be deported to Germhuny except by her own consent, unless she has come under police suspicion.

MISS L. C. H. (Truro).—"A friend asked me if you were a married man or a bachelor. I don't know." We do.

PTE. A. H. (Stevenston).—Japanese and Russians in Berlin in the Spring of 1919! We will keep your prophecy in mind.

"A HUN HATER" (Southall).—"A person called here to ask us to sign a Lansdowne Peace Petition. I said, 'Now the Germans are getting whacked, you ask us to sign for peace.'" Lady, you have got a grip on the truth. Hold fast.

MRS. B. G. (Sheerness).—Two lines in your poem, "JOHN BULL," have bucked up the office awfully: "And his staff, we must remember, are not devoid of brain." They think of framing that, as a rebuke to sceptics.

"ONE WHO KNOWS YOU WELL."—"You are still flourishing with your obnoxious rag." And you've got your rag out, too. Take a cooling mixture and sit on a block of ice till it works.

J. B. (Ryde).—We are glad to say we cannot decipher your postcard to "Dear old Horace." He died over a thousand years ago.

"A THREE-YEAR MAN."—"They work harder in France than the munition workers do in England." True for you, O, gallant Thricer!

"DISGUSTED" (Kentish Town).—"If they don't want to pay out, why do they compel us to pay in?" As a criticism of National Health Insurance methods, your words have point.

"LEX" (Bathgate).—Our view is that a nurse in a British hospital ought not to be "the daughter of a German."

G. J. (Liverpool) sends part of a letter from her husband at Bangalore: "It is surprising the number of JOHN BULLS that get sent out here, and the chaps that do not get them hang round those that do." Good luck to the bonny boys of Bangalore!

MRS. E. P. (St. Helens).—Our view is that the present power given to a soldier to denounce any woman he pleases as the one who has infected him, and to compel her to submit to medical examination, is most one-sided and oppressive.

"WOUNDED" (London, S.E.).—A British machine brought down within our own lines would not, of course, be reported "missing." No reason why it should be, as far as we can see.

A. B. (H.M.S. *Cyclops*).—Thanks for sketch, and still more for compliments. Still backing Beatty!

T. J. (Whitstable-on-Sea).—Glad you noticed our paragraph. Some of our correspondents seem to read nothing but the advertisements.

J. C. (Chelsea).—So you couldn't get a moistener at the Windsor Castle. Do you mean the palace or the pub?

"KIM" (Belsize Park).—"I wish you to print this letter in your columns." Alas! a wish is often remote from accomplishment. Shan't—so there, now!

T. A. B. (Bath).—Received Mormon tract, "The Only True Gospel," by William Budge, Elder of Latter Day Saints. Don't Budge.

M. A. W. (Streatham).—"Before retiring I feel I must pen a silent chat to you." You are a dear, good lady, but if a silent chat when sleepy means 8 pages, how much do you say aloud when wideawake?

"IRON RATIONS" ("In the Balkans").—"Some of my battalion have been out here since September, 1915, without a leave." May they soon get one. Lord knows they deserve it!

"A SKINNY REED."—"I haven't had a Board School education." Nor any other, apparently.

PRIVATE R. S. (Hampton Hill).—Even if the lady did have an accident, there is no excuse for your ribald mirth. And on the padre's notepaper too!

D. McI. (Glasgow).—Your boy is lying in the guard-room because he went home to see his mother, reported dying. Why not write to the Commanding Officer?

H. J. (Kenilworth) tells us that the official posters on coal, exhibited at Kenilworth, state "1 cwt. per week extra for the 13 winter months." A long winter!

A. L. (Bath).—William Edgell may shout that the earth does not rotate, till he is black in the face, but he will never convert the man who, going home late and happy, feels the earth rise up and hit him on the back of the head.

J. T. (Warrenpoint).—"Supposing you keep strychnine in a pill-box with sugar and sweets in an iron box, would it have any effect on the sweets?" But we don't keep strychnine, so why suppose it?

"WEEKLY READER" (Avonmouth).—"The treatment of the Hun prisoners near here——" Bless us, it's the same scandalous story everywhere!

"DRYAZELL."—"What is a Public Bar?" One not Private. Your *nom-de-plume* suggests you have neglected both kind

S.

PTE. J. N. (Lamlash).—"Convalescent soldiers hired to farmers at 6d. per hour, 4d. of which is appropriated to Army funds." Tommy is not bilious with richness, is he?

J. R. (East Grinstead).—"I should say British women are the most immoral of all." You have no right to draw such sweeping conclusions from the small clique *you* mix with.

J. W. S. (Harringay).—The "special" was not necessarily a "funk" because he declined to tackle three burglars. Did you offer to lend him a hand?

"ONE OF THE CREW" (Genoa).—You desire us to "inquire of Furness, Withy & Co., of Liverpool, what they are doing with the letters for the s.s. *Lexington*." An early reply will oblige.

"SUPPORTER" (Brixton, S.W.).—It was Lord Rothermere, not Lord Beaverbrook, who talked of "a seven years' war." You mustn't get people mixed up like that, or you'll find yourself in the wrong shop.

ANONYMOUS (Galleywood).—With ghastly temerity you have broken our rules, and your graceful composition adorns the receptacle provided for camouflaged communications.

"A WOUNDED TOMMY" (Sheffield).—The Sheffield tobacconist who had plenty of smokes but "not for soldiers" had better mend his manners, or we shall descend on him like a Tank in action.

A. A. (Broxbourne).—If wounded men have to stand about under trees in bad weather, why the dickens does not Broxbourne open its Reading Room?

MRS. S. (Tottenham).—Husband's ship was blown up, he came home injured, you took a day off to attend to him, and that got you "the push." If you state the facts to the head of the firm, we guess he will treat you better.

"TAFFY" (B.E.F.).—"Is a water-rat fish?" If ever you catch a weasel asleep, ask him.

H. R. (Llanelly).—"I do not claim to be able to write verse." The sample you enclose is evidence of your wisdom.

H.H. PRINCESS S. DULEEP SINGH (Bedford Place).—We hope all our readers will give financial and other support on India Day, September 20. The gallant Indians have fought everywhere, from Mons to Mesopotamia.

MRS. E. G. (Little Clacton).—"With the price of food to-day, I cannot make ends meat." Poor soul, you have stumbled on a great truth.

"NOVOCASTRIAN."—The salary of Town Clerk at Newcastle is to be raised, by an increase of £250, to £1,750 a year. Also, the Corporation advertises for a shorthand and typewriting clerk at 30s. a week. Oh, the contrast!

"RETURNED MEN" (Barrow).—"At the café here, tea is 1½d. a cup for male munition workers, and 2d. for soldiers." If those prices are official, the place should be boycotted by all good people.

"ANOTHER PENGUIN" (Chadwell Heath).—"I have been a penguin for four months and have not seen my uniform yet." Consult an oculist, unless we are to infer that you haven't had it.

M. G. (Bampton).—Impossible for us to say whether you had any right to go through the station-master's garden. Probably not without a word or two of invitation.

"A SOLDIER'S WIDOW" (Canterbury).—Even if your name was George Washington, we should have to have evidence of your statements before we could print them. Don't be offended, there's a good soul.

"READER" (Birmingham).—"Make what use you like of this letter." Give you three guesses what we did with it.

C. W. B. (Linc.).—We will keep our eyes open for the gentleman you mention. As a matter of fact, they are seldom shut in these strenuous days.

L. E. (Ponders End).—"Your revelations re Hun prisoners are interesting." So we thought, before we printed them.

MRS. H. (Birmingham).—Very sweet of you to write to us like an old friend. May we have a lock of your hair for a keepsake?

J. K. (Hampstead, N.W.).—"All girls are not in their own homes." So we noticed last time we strolled down Regent Street.

H. W. (Barcourt).—We can only advise you to continue worrying the Foreign Office about your passport. As tonnage is a consideration, tell 'em you really don't weigh much.

"VERY LONELY" (Brixton).—We are not a "Link" to arrange friendship by adverts. In that very questionable game put us down as a missing "Link."

"ONE OF YOUR READERS" (Romford). "I did not make the Higher Laws." Glad to know that, because in the rest of your letter you seem to claim a (tin) divinity of your own.

MRS. L. (Plumstead).—"She asked if I still went out nursing, as her sister is expecting an increase; I had to refuse as I do not go out now." But what can *we* do in the matter? For we don't, either.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON writes that the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, is so badly in want of nurses that 24 beds are out of use, and requests ladies willing to take up such noble work to write to the Matron.

H. C. E. (Catford).—"Many young fellows are keeping out of the Army through being in the Pigeon Service." Surely the number must be very few?

P. (Leigh Court).—"I saw with my own eyes a German mauling and kissing one of the women workers, who was married." Tell her husband with your own tongue.

"UP AND DOING" (Epping).—"I caught my daughter, a land girl, waving her handkerchief to German prisoners. Big as she is, she was across my knee in two ticks, and receiving on the seat of her breeches as sound a slapping as ever she had in her life." Bravo, Ma!

M. P. G. (London, E.C.).—"The Surveyor of Taxes has been an enormous trouble to me." We are afraid he is to a great many people.

C. J. (Clapham).—Your old penny coupons are still available in part payment of a "J.B." pen.

D. H. C. (Kennington).—We note that your young employee was dissatisfied "as he wanted his evenings off." Perhaps he had his eye on something.

J. O. (Bayswater, W.).—"You are better able than me to write an article on this subject." Bless you for those sweet words.

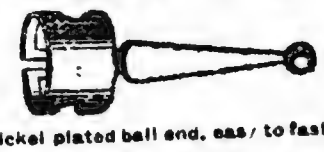
(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"JOHN BULL" PEN ACCESSORIES.

INK PELLETS.

A good writing ink can be obtained by filling pen with water and dropping in one pellet. Per tube, **6d.** post free.

POCKET CLIP.



Nickel plated ball end, easy to fasten.

Price **4d.** Postage 1d.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *(Sept. 21st, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

COMPANY MEETING.

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED.

AMALGAMATION SCHEME APPROVED.

An extraordinary general meeting of the London City and Midland Bank, Limited. was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., on Friday, September 13, 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of approving the agreement for the amalgamation of the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, with the London City and Midland Bank, Limited, providing for an increase in the directors' remuneration, increasing the capital of the company, and changing the name of the company to "London Joint City and Midland Bank, Limited."

The Chairman (Sir Edward H. Holden Bart.) said: We have called you together to-day for the purpose of submitting to you for your approval the scheme entered into by your directors for the amalgamation of the London Joint Stock Bank with the London City and Midland Bank.

BANKING AMALGAMATIONS.

As you are aware, the London City and Midland Bank have consistently pursued the policy of amalgamation since the year 1888, and for us it is only a continuation of our policy to seek to obtain a union with the London Joint Stock Bank. As regards the general question of bank amalgamations, several important reasons may be advanced. In the first place, bankers are confronted with the problem of restoring the industries of the country after war to the condition which they previously occupied. The second reason is that every effort should be made to retain London as the financial centre of the world. One of our principal competitors in the future will be Germany, and just as the Germans made great preparations for the war by increasing their armies and supplying themselves with large amounts of gold and munitions of war, so they are at the present time making their preparations for after war trade.

Criticism has been directed against the way in which the Joint Stock Banks do their business through their system of branches, and it is further alleged that the industries do not get as much assistance as was given by the private banks in the old days. Criticism of this kind cannot be adequately met except by going somewhat in detail into the history of the development of the banking system of this country from the year 1800 to the present time.

THE CHAIRMAN'S VIEW OF THE FUTURE.

Notwithstanding many banking vicissitudes, our foreign trade increased during the years 1880 to 1900 from £697,000,000 to £877,000,000, and it was during this period that the system of amalgamation was widely extended.

Passing on from 1910 to 1913, our foreign trade increased during this period from £877,000,000 to £1,403,000,000. Although the South African War, which broke out in 1899, caused serious depreciation in all gilt-edged securities, no evidence of weakness was shown except in the case of a number of the smaller banks, which found relief in amalgamation. During the thirteen years I am now reviewing, seventy amalgamations took place with the effect of making the surviving banks larger and more powerful. By the end of 1913 the branches of the Joint Stock Banks in England and Wales were more than 6,000 in number, and all were assisting the commerce and industry of the country.

I come to the present time, and I direct my view forward to the future. There has never been a parallel to the present position in the world. If this country is to restore and gradually improve her financial and industrial position, it can only be done by increasing her exports to a larger amount than they have ever been before. We must not be unmindful, however, that other countries will endeavour to do the same.

At our annual meetings, before the outbreak of war, we called attention from time to time to the financial preparations which Germany was making and to the manner in which she was accumulating gold. Now we call attention to the fact that the Germans are putting their banks together in order to enable them to begin a financial war when the actual fighting ceases.

We must remember that in retaining London as the financial centre we must be prepared after the war to meet any extra demands for the purposes of trade which may be made on us by the foreign bankers, and that is one of the most important reasons for seeking to make our banks much larger than they were before the war. Amalgamations are taking place in all parts of the world, notably in Germany, America, Sweden, Canada, and Australia. The cry in all countries is "make the banks larger and stronger." This can only be done as it has been done in our country, by amalgamations.

AMALGAMATION AND COMPETITION.

It has been alleged very strenuously that amalgamations cause competition among the banks to become weaker. Any such statement is false, and without any foundation whatever. To prove this, I say that already there are very few districts, if any, in which other banks have not taken steps to establish new branches where the number of banks has been recently reduced by two banks going together, and I would venture to say that, instead of competition being weakened, competition between the banks in future will be much more severe. There is no cause whatsoever for opposition to amalgamations on this account.

Will the opponents of amalgamation raise the question that it is against the interest of the country to have a concentration of resources? We must remember that we are a small country, and that we derive our deposits from a population of 47 millions. America has 105 millions. Germany has a population of 70 millions, and consequently they have a larger amount of deposits. The deposits of this country can be more effectively lent if they are concentrated than if they are scattered. By being concentrated they can be transferred more readily from those parts of the country where they are not wanted to those parts where they are required. Take the case of our own bank. We have 1,100 branches, and these 1,100 branches gather deposits from different parts of the country, and, if the bank has deposits in one part of the country which cannot be lent, they are easily transferred to another part of the country where they are required. The arguments that amalgamation results in reduced accommodation are wrong, and, in fact, no argument has been used against these amalgamations which, if sifted and examined, will not prove to be false.

Before closing this part of my speech I should like to deal with another objection which has been urged against these amalgamations, namely, that the small man does not receive considerate treatment at the hands of the big joint stock bank. What is the position of this bank with regard to the small man? We have on our books over 40,000 customers who have come to us and secured accommodation in amounts of £500 and under; between 20,000 and 25,000 are borrowing on an average less than £50 each, and the total of our advances to these customers amounts to about six millions sterling. As I have said, we have 40,000 of these small men on our books, and we are quite willing to increase that number to 140,000 or more if the demands they make upon us are legitimate.

DETAILS OF THE PROPOSED AMALGAMATION.

Now let us come to the details of the amalgamation of the London and Joint Stock Bank with this bank. We admit that we have treated the shareholders of the London Joint Stock Bank in a liberal manner. When you come to examine our figures you will find that your capital of £5,192,000 and your reserve of £4,346,000, or 84 per cent. of your capital, will be very considerably increased as a result of the amalgamation. We have never yet carried through an amalgamation without adding to the reserve fund of the amalgamated bank the same percentage of the new capital created as was the percentage of the reserve to capital of our own bank, but in the case of this amalgamation the Joint Stock Bank have contributed more than 84 per cent. We have increased our capital by £1,980,000, which we have given to the shareholders of the Joint Stock Bank, and they have given us for that amount their capital and reserve which amounts to £4,295,000. Therefore after we have provided the amount of new capital, the balance left which we receive is £2,315,000. In addition, we both contribute out of our carry forwards, which amount to £859,000, the sum of £511,000, which we are adding to the reserve fund. Their contributions to our reserve fund raise the percentage of reserve to capital to 94.6 per cent., whereas before the amalgamation it was only 84 per cent. True, their shareholders will get an increased dividend in the aggregate amounting to £41,000 a year, but the profits from their business will not only give us that £41,000 to pay them, but will give us in addition a very large sum, so that even from this point of view the London City and Midland Bank have protected the interests of their shareholders.

GOOD RETURN FOR A BANK SHARE.

Now we come to our shareholders. It is the policy of this bank to strengthen the bank from every point of view. We offer a share of £2 10s. at the price of £5. One new share will be allotted to every shareholder in respect of every seven old shares held at the time of the new issue. This will enable us to put £1,024,000 to our capital account, raising it to about £8,200,000, and £1,024,000 to our reserve, raising it also to about £8,200,000. The new shares are fully paid, and we will pay on them the same dividend as on the ordinary shares, which is now 18 per cent., returning 9 per cent. gross, or £6 6s. per cent., after paying income tax at the rate of 6s. in the £. This is a remarkably good return for a bank share.

When these arrangments are all carried out, the paid-up capital of this bank will be about £8,200,000, and the reserve will be about £8,200,000, making together a total of about £16,400,000.

We now bring before you the proposal to amalgamate the London Joint Stock Bank with our bank, and we venture to say that the practical working out of this transaction will result in much larger profits for the two banks when they become one, and while I do not promise any increased dividend, I do think we may repeat in future the operation of issuing paid-up capital, and thus give our shareholders the opportunity of reaping some practical advantage at the same time that we pursue our first object, which must be to strengthen our institution in every way we can.

After several congratulatory speeches the resolutions embodying the acceptance of the agreement for the increase of the capital and the change of the name of the bank to "London Joint City and Midland Bank, Limited," were unanimously carried.

A hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

A full pamphlet of the speech may be obtained from the bank.

"Some" Shave

A Tommy writes:

"Whilst on Active Service, Gibbs's Shaving Soap was a familiar friend to many of us. Hot water was seldom obtainable, and cold tea or dirty water were often the only substitutes. However, your Soap was always equal to the task, and whatever the medium created a creamy lather."

Made from the purest of materials, combined with which is an especially soothing Cream, Gibbs's Cold Cream Shaving Soap ensures a quick, clean shave, and the skin left soft and plastic.

Gibbs's COLD CREAM Shaving Soap

Price 7d. & 1/- Of all Chemists.

Send your boy at the Front or at Sea a stick of Gibbs's Cold Cream Shaving Soap. He'll appreciate its cleanly, mild, fragrant lather and the sense of comfort a shave with Gibbs's brings.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 27)
Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.

Estd. 1712.

GOOD-BY-EE
TO ALL BODY VERMIN
MOSQUITOES, GNATS & FLIES
Simply rub Parasitox on Skin and Seams of Clothing, etc.
Non-Greasy Stick 1/-
PARASITOX
THE SOLDIERS FRIEND PARASITOX
All Chemists, or post free
HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.

HAIR OVER THREE FEET LONG

REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT FOLLOWS USE OF LAVONA HAIR TONIC.

That thin, faded, dull hair can be made to grow long, thick, and beautiful, is proved by a letter from Miss Beech, 4, Victoria Avenue, Saffron Walden, in which she says: "Since using Lavona Hair Tonic and Lavona Shampoo Powders, my hair has improved remarkably, not only in texture, but also in length. Many folks seem shy of trying advertised hair tonic, but I can thoroughly recommend Lavona preparations. My hair is now over three feet long." It is easy to realise why some people hesitate to try various advertised hair tonics. The preparation chosen may be unsuitable, in which case money is lost, and hair trouble remains as bad as ever; but no risk of any kind is assumed by the user of Lavona Hair Tonic. The formula is well known, consisting merely of 1 oz. lavona de composee, ½dr. menthol crystals, and 3 oz. bay rum, and it can be prepared at home if desired, but it is usually preferable to obtain the complete preparation. This is supplied by high-class chemists everywhere under the name of Lavona Hair Tonic, and although it costs but 2s. 11d. per bottle, every bottle is accompanied by a coupon which guarantees absolute satisfaction or money back. This is even better than a free sample offer, for it enables you to try a full-sized bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic, and unless you are pleased with the result your money is refunded, and the trial costs you nothing.—(Advt.)

"BULLETS"

2ND PRIZE £20 — **£200** — **1ST PRIZE £10** — **3RD PRIZE**

10 PRIZES OF £2-10	10 PRIZES OF £1	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	200 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the examples chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—MUCH ADMIRED. Bullet:—FOCH AS GENERALISSIMO. Example:—A GOOD JOB. Bullet:—WHEN EVERY ALIEN'S INTERNED. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated October 12th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 302.

WHAT LLOYD GEORGE SAYS	THE RIGHT STUFF	WHEN RETREATING	GOVERNMENT WORKS
PUSHING ALONG	LADY SPECIAL	THE GERMAN EMPIRE	UNHEARD OF
TANKS	MAKES EVERYBODY GLAD	RUNNING A RISK	IN A HURRY
TO BERLIN	TREAT IN STORE	MUCH ADMIRED	CANNON FODDER
THE LATEST STRIKE	FATHER'S HOBBY	WHAT FRITZ LIKES	FLAPPER'S DRESS
GERMAN PRISONERS	THE SPY PERIL	SEALING HIS FATE	COMING FAST
REMAINS TO BE SEEN	TAKING WIFE	TOMMY'S GAME	PASSING FANCY
IN THE MAKE	GOOD AS GOLD	A GOOD JOB	THE KAISER DARE NOT

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 26th

No._____

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(302) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 26th

No._____

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(302) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 6 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 302. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 303.

WHAT HAIG HAS DONE	BACK TO THE RHINE	LOSING SIDE	A FALLEN IDOL
WHAT BOTTOMLEY EXPECTS	GERMAN LIES	A BIG MAN	DIFFERENT GIRL
PUTTING CLOCK BACK	A BAD LAD	RUDE AWAKENING	COOKING HIS GOOSE
UNBLUSHING CHEEK	A RESTLESS NIGHT	HAPPY FAMILY	A LUCKY MISS
KEEPING MUM	MOST ASTONISHING WHEN	FINDING EXCUSES	THE KAISER'S FAILING

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3rd.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **303** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets," **No. 303**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for Competition **302**.

Result of Competition No. 300 ("Bullets" £1,000-Offer) will be found in next week's issue.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. _____ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

The Vanishing-Trick for Linen-Stains

Here's the trick for all your Iron-mould worries—to save your linen from the rag-bag and bring back to spotless whiteness clothes that Iron-mould stains have spoilt: A squeeze of Movol; a gentle rub; and in two minutes the stain is gone.

MOVOL

Stain Remover

Removes Iron-mould, Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc.

White Clothes having a Yellow Tinge—have their original colour restored by adding a thimbleful to the rinsing-water.

From Chemists, Grocers, Stores, etc., in 1/- and 6d. tubes. If unable to obtain, send 1/2 for large trial tube, to— W. Edge & Sons Ltd., Bolton.

N.B.—The directions given with each tube must be carefully followed.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 90 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Sep. 21, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 23, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

Sep. 21, 1918 .....

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

PETAL DUST Perfume

Refreshing, delightful scent of natural Flowers sweetens and purifies the whole house.—GET A PACKET TO-DAY.

Chemists & Stores 4d. and 8d. or POST FREE.

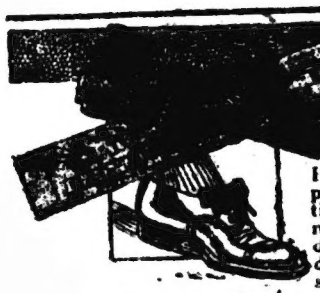
The Rosmarine Manuf. Coy. London, S.E.1.

FITZPATRICK

For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" FREE. SAVES YOU MONEY.

Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial), TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard. W. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 52

—BURNLEY.—



Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon Paton's.

A smart boot or shoe cannot look a part if badly laced. Use Paton's Laces and the boots will look their smartest.

Hundreds of high-grade mercerised threads perfectly plaited give to Paton's Laces an elasticity that enables the laces to fit snugly and neatly—wearing qualities which give more than double the service of an ordinary lace. And the dyes being fast Paton's Laces never become shabby.

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

ALL BRITISH.

Boot Laces for Ladies and Gentlemen 3d. & 4d. per pr.
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular) do. .. .. .. 4d. "
Leather Laces do. .. .. 8d. & 9d. "

WM. PATON, LTD., Johnstone, Scotland.

CUTS, BURNS, BRUISES

Pond's Extract, known to our grandfathers as "the old family doctor," gives instant relief in all cases of Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Sprains, Piles, Varicose Veins, Sore Throat, Bed Sores, Sore Feet, Earache, Bleeding (external and internal), &c. Always keep a bottle of this tried old-fashioned remedy handy in case of emergency—it soothes and heals at the same time.

Of all Chemists, 2/6, or direct for P.O. to the manufacturers.

POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.—The sovereign remedy for **Piles, Bunions, Corns, Rough Skin, &c.**

POND'S ANTISEPTIC CREAM.—Invaluable in all **Skin Affections,** and for **Nasal Catarrh, Neuralgia, &c.**

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 117), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

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Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL, Ltd.), by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.